

Don't Let This Good Love Slip Away by glorious_spoon

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Summary:

There are at least three parties in town that he's been invited to, but somehow Steve ends up spending New Year's Eve in Nancy's dorm room, drinking cheap whiskey with her and Jonathan and watching the Times Square festivities on her absent roommate's portable black-and-white TV.

Or: Steve, Nancy, and Jonathan hook up on New Year's Eve, and it might just be the start of something new.

Don't Let This Good Love Slip Away

Author's Note:

I really intended to write get-together fluff, but somehow instead it just became like three thousand words of porn. Um. Sorry?

There are at least three parties in town that he's been invited to, but somehow Steve ends up spending New Year's Eve in Nancy's dorm room, drinking cheap whiskey with her and Jonathan and watching the Times Square festivities on her absent roommate's portable black-and-white TV. They're all pretty well buzzed by the time the ball drops, enough so that it doesn't seem that weird to Steve when Jonathan leans across him to kiss Nancy to the strains of Auld Lang Syne, knee pressed against his hip, close enough that he can smell her perfume and hear the soft noises their mouths make.

He closes his eyes, hears Nancy laugh softly, and then Jonathan drops a kiss on his cheek, too. "Happy New Year, Steve."

"Hmm," he murmurs, without opening his eyes. He's starting to fade. Probably he should get up, go see about hitching a cab back to his place and letting the two of them sleep— or whatever— but Nancy is warm against his side, and Jonathan has one leg slung over his knees, and it all just seems like too much work right now, so he puts his head back against the wall and lets himself drift for a little while.

He wakes, some time later, to a soft sigh to his left. His right side, where Nancy was sitting, is cold, and someone's knee is jammed against his upper thigh in a way that's actually sort of uncomfortable.

There's another soft noise, and then a giggle. Steve shifts, opens his eyes; the room is dark, the TV off, the only light is coming in yellow slats through the blinds. Nancy and Jonathan are sprawled across the other end of the bed— it's Jonathan's knee jabbing him in the leg— and making out like they've completely forgotten that anyone else is here.

Steve watches them for a minute, feeling vaguely guilty about it but

not quite able to help himself. The thin stripes of light illuminate the play of muscle in Jonathan's back through his thin t-shirt, and Nancy's hand is tangled up in his hair, one leg hooked over his hip—steering him, God, she did always like to run the show—

Yeah, he's got to get out of here. He sits up, scrubbing a hand through his hair, and they break apart.

"Steve?" Nancy asks. She doesn't sound the least bit surprised, he realizes. She knew he was still here. Jonathan rolls slightly onto his side, bracing himself on his elbow, the flat of his hand resting on Nancy's belly where her shirt is rucked up, and peers up at him. His expression is soft and sleepy, but he doesn't actually look that drunk.

"Yeah, I should probably, uh..." Steve begins to slide off of the bed. To his complete surprise, Nancy reaches for his hand, stopping him before he can stand up.

"You don't have to go," she murmurs.

"Um," Steve says. "What?"

"You could stay, if you want." Jonathan hums in agreement and leans down to nuzzle Nancy's neck. She makes a soft noise, her fingers twitching in Steve's.

And do what? he thinks. Watch you two fuck?

And shit, isn't *that* an idea. Can't possibly be what she meant, but...

Well. She's still holding onto his hand, and they're not stopping. And for some reason, Steve's not standing up and getting the hell out of here. One of Jonathan's hands is tangled in Nancy's hair and whatever he's doing with his other hand makes her gasp softly and arch against the bed. Her fingers tighten in Steve's. It's really stupidly hot.

Jonathan breaks the kiss and lifts his head to look at Steve. His mouth is wet and his eyes are wide and dark and he's very close, and Steve, without thinking about it at all, leans over and kisses him on the lips.

“Oh,” Nancy says softly, beneath him. Jonathan hums against his lips, and then his hand is sliding back into Steve’s hair to cup the back of his head, his mouth opening against Steve’s, tongues curling softly together. He’s actually a really good kisser. Steve has never kissed a guy before— thought about it a few times, thought about kissing *Jonathan* more than a few times, but never done it.

It’s really not all that different.

“Oh,” Nancy says again, and then she’s letting go of his hand, moving against him in a slow, sinuous line, and it’s not until her shirt hits the floor with a soft noise that he realizes what she’s doing. He breaks the kiss and looks down at her, her dark hair spread out against the pillow, her skin bathed in the pale yellow light of the streetlamp outside. Her bra is blue or black, some dark color, and as he watches she reaches back to unhook it, slides the straps down her arms, and lobs it over his shoulder, leaving her small, perfect breasts bare.

Jonathan takes a slow, shaky breath.

“Oh,” Steve says, the reality of what’s happening belatedly dawning on him. “Oh, Jesus christ.”

Nancy smiles up at him, biting her lip. She looks pretty confident, but there’s a shyness there that’s startlingly familiar. He remembers it from that first time— *her* first time, their first time together. “You guys are a little overdressed, don’t you think?”

Steve looks up and meets Jonathan’s eyes. It’s actually a little reassuring that Jonathan looks just as stunned as he feels.

Of course, then he looks at Nancy and nods, swallows visibly, and pulls his t-shirt over his head. Then they’re both shirtless, pale and lean and mathematically beautiful, looking at Steve with identical nervous expressions.

“You can go, if you want to,” Nancy says softly. “You don’t have to stay. If it’s weird.”

It is weird. It’s *really* fucking weird. But—

“I’m not going anywhere,” Steve says, and takes a deep breath, and

pulls his own shirt off before the panicky little voice that's telling him to dive off the bed, grab his shoes, and hightail it out of here before it gets any weirder can take over.

Because— fuck it. It's not likely he's ever going to get another chance at this. At having them both like this. He lets the shirt drop on the floor beside the bed.

They're both looking at him in a way that makes his skin go hot and prickling. Then Nancy reaches for him, pulling him down until they're slotted together in a way that's achingly familiar, even though it's been more than a year since he's been with her like this. Her mouth finds his, soft and sweet, her hands sliding down his belly to slip teasingly under the waistband of his jeans.

"Jesus," Steve mutters, pulling back to press kisses to the curve of her throat. She laughs breathily. "Are we really doing this? Really?"

There's another hand on him, bigger than Nancy's. Jonathan's hand, sliding up his shoulders to cup his jaw and draw him into another kiss, a slow, languorous kiss this time. And it's really pretty hard to argue with that, especially when Nancy works her fingers in between them to start unbuttoning his jeans. She pulls the zipper down and pushes her hand in to cup him through his boxers, and Steve jerks into her touch, making an embarrassingly needy noise against Jonathan's mouth.

Jonathan pulls away to grin at him, his eyes crinkling up at the corners, then leans over Nancy, presses a kiss below her ear— she's always been sensitive there, Steve remembers with an odd pang— and whispers something he can't hear. Something to do with Steve, by the way Nancy's gaze flies up to his face, her eyes wide and dark.

He swallows. Nancy's hand is still on him, her fingers warm through the thin fabric of his boxers, and it's taking every ounce of self-control he has not to shove his hips forward, thrust into her grip—

"You guys are talking about me," he says, and his voice comes out husky. "I can tell."

"Yeah," Jonathan says, a smile curling up the corners of his mouth.

“Well?” Steve asks. “You gonna share with the class?”

Jonathan ducks his head, a flush staining his cheeks, and Nancy laughs softly. “He wants to watch.”

“*What?*”

“He wants to watch.” Her fingers curl, and she strokes him, deliberately slow. “You and me. Together.”

Oh. That’s... *oh*.

“Jesus, really?” Steve asks. “Um. Okay.”

Nancy grins at him, biting her lip, then pulls her hand out of his pants, hooks her leg behind him and flips him neatly onto his back. His head bounces off of the pillow, and Jonathan steadies him, laughing, and then kisses him again. Nancy is straddling him, squirming against him in a way that is *really* fucking distracting; he breaks the kiss, panting, and Jonathan drops his head to suck at the juncture of his neck in a way that is definitely going to leave a mark.

Slim fingers beneath the waistline of his pants, and then Nancy is tugging down, and Steve lifts his hips to let her pull his jeans and boxers off and shove them off the bed, and then he’s naked, and Nancy is naked too, her bare thighs soft against the outsides of his legs, the cut of her hip bones under his fingers when he reaches out for her. Blindly, he slides his hands up over her flat belly to cup her breasts, thumbs rubbing over her nipples, and grins when she lets out an explosive breath somewhere over his head.

Jonathan chuckles against his skin, murmurs, “Yeah, she likes that.”

“God, shut *up*,” Nancy says, but she sounds both amused and turned on. “Why are you still wearing clothes?”

“Yeah,” Steve echoes, reaching for the button of Jonathan’s jeans, “why are you?”

“Um,” Jonathan says, but he lets Steve unbutton his jeans, slide the zipper down, shove them down over his hips. He rolls onto his side to kick them off and fling them in the direction of the dark floor, and

then they're all naked and everything is warm skin pressed up against Steve from every angle. Jonathan ruts up against him, his cock sliding against Steve's thigh, and then he murmurs, "Sorry, sorry," and shrinks back against the wall.

"What?" Steve says, and then, getting it, "hey, no, come here."

"You don't have to," Jonathan starts, but he shuts up in a hurry when Steve draws him into a slow kiss and reaches for his cock. It's warm skin, hot and engorged beneath his fingers, not that different from doing this to himself, really, other than the way Jonathan pulls back to gasp against his lips, the low sound Nancy makes from overhead—

Okay, so, actually pretty different. But in a good way.

It doesn't take him long to find a good rhythm, one that makes Jonathan's breath stutter in his throat, that makes him grip convulsively at Steve's hip before flinging an arm over his eyes, still blushing hotly.

Steve's other hand is still on Nancy's hip, and he feels her arm bump against it briefly, rolls his head up to watch her slide a hand between her legs, head tilted back, lower lip caught between her teeth. Her eyes are slitted, still watching them, and it make Steve feel hot all over, makes him feel stupid and brave; enough for him to put his mouth against Jonathan's ear, whisper, "Hey, can I blow you?"

Jonathan shudders beneath him, lifts his arm to stare at Steve for a long moment, then swallows visibly and nods.

Heart thudding, Steve slides out from under Nancy, then off of the bed until his knees hit the cold floor, pulling Jonathan toward him with a hand on his hips.

He's never done this before, but he's a fast learner and he knows he's good with his tongue, and anyway the strangled, needy noise that Jonathan makes when he sucks him down is very fucking encouraging. He tastes like skin and salt, the faint bitterness of pre-come, and when Steve rolls his tongue in a way he knows *he* likes, Jonathan shudders again. He's thrusting up into Steve's mouth, shallow and uneven, like he's trying to stop himself from moving but

can't quite help it.

Someone's hand is in his hair; Nancy's hand, he realizes, when it slides over his cheek, fingers slipping against the corners of his mouth where it's stretched around Jonathan's cock. She makes another soft noise, and then there's the wet sound of them kissing above his head.

"Put your hand in his hair," Nancy murmurs, and then her hand is guiding Jonathan's to his head, brushing the shell of his ear, and then long fingers tangle in his hair, tugging gently. Steve breathes in sharply through his nose, drops a hand to grip the base of his cock, because she remembers— of course she remembers how he likes that, and it's going to be really fucking embarrassing if he blows his load without anyone even touching him.

He gets a hand around Jonathan's cock, sucks him from root to tip, and Jonathan makes a shocked noise, his fingers tightening. "I'm gonna— Steve, I'm—"

Instead of pulling back, Steve hums around him. Jonathan's hips jerk up, and then he's coming, hot and salty across his tongue.

Steve swallows what he can, pulls off, wipes the back of his hand over his mouth. Rests his cheek against Jonathan's thigh for a moment. His heart is still pounding, and when he runs his tongue over his lips, they feel hot and swollen.

"So, uh," he says. His voice comes out hoarse and wrecked.

"God, get *up* here," Nancy says, and then there are two sets of hands hauling him back onto the bed. He lands on his back on the mattress, and then Nancy is leaning over to kiss him while Jonathan sits up, twists toward the bedside table. There's the crinkle of a wrapper, the sudden sharp smell of latex, and Jonathan's warm fingers rolling a condom down on him.

"Okay?" he murmurs, his fingers sliding teasingly while Nancy breaks the kiss to nibble at Steve's earlobe, like he's supposed to be able to think or coherently answer questions right now, Jesus fucking Christ.

Nancy laughs softly, and then she's swinging a leg over him, straddling him, and he reaches up to steady her as she slides onto his cock.

Steve groans as he bottoms out inside her, and fortunately she doesn't start moving, because then it would all be over. He drops his hands to her thighs, feeling the way they're trembling beneath his fingers, and opens his eyes in time to see her draw Jonathan into a wet, open-mouthed kiss.

Jonathan pushes a hand into her hair, then drops his head to kiss the line of her throat, his hand curving over her breast, tugging gently at the nipple. Nancy makes a soft, breathless noise, rocking against Steve, and he slides a hand up her thigh to press his fingers into the slick heat of her pussy, circling his thumb over her clit in the way he remembers that she likes.

"Jesus," she murmurs, "goddamn it, fuck, Jonathan, *Steve*—"

Her voice breaks, and she convulses around him. Steve fumbles for her, fingers digging into her skin, and he thrusts once, twice, and then he's gone.

They lie there tangled together for a long while before Steve makes a face and rolls over, swinging his legs over the bed. He slides the condom off and knots the end, stands carefully. His legs feel slightly wobbly beneath him, but he manages not to fall on his face as he crosses the room to drop it in the garbage can by the door.

He turns back toward the bed. Nancy and Jonathan are tangled up together on the mattress, a sprawl of pale slender limbs, and they're beautiful, and he wants to kiss them both but he's not sure if that's... whether or not that's a thing he can do, right now.

"I should, uh," he says instead, and then shakes his head and reaches for the dark tangle of clothes on the floor, digging until he finds his boxers. He tugs them on, and then his jeans, keenly aware that they're both looking at him. "I should go."

“You can,” Nancy says, sitting up. Her skin is shiny with sweat, and her hair is tangled, and she’s utterly, utterly lovely. “But you don’t have to.”

Steve pauses in the act of buttoning his jeans. “What?”

“You can go, if you want to,” she says. “But you could also stay. If you wanted to.”

“Yeah,” Jonathan adds quietly, pushing himself upright too, the blanket pooling in his lap. He reaches for Nancy’s hand without looking. She takes it in both of hers, twining their fingers together. They both look more nervous now than they did when they were propositioning him earlier. “What she said.”

Steve stares at them for several moments and then, suddenly, he gets it. He could walk away right now and this could just be a roll in the hay, just one of those dumb, half-drunk college experiences that probably everybody has. He and Nancy and Jonathan will be awkward around each other for months, and then they’ll get over it, and it’ll just be one of those things.

What they’re offering now is... something else entirely.

He licks his lips, takes a breath. He’s not quite sure what he means to say, but what actually comes out it, “I’m not sure if the bed is actually big enough for all three of us.”

“We’ll make it work,” Nancy says, and there’s a hopeful tilt to her smile that he’s never, ever been able to say no to. “Come on, Steve. Come back to bed.”

Steve looks at her, and then at Jonathan, and then he swallows, and nods. “Okay. We’ll make it work.”

Jonathan flips the blanket up, moving over to leave a sliver of mattress free, just enough room for Steve to slide in next to them.

Steve goes.